THE New Republic

Disarmament at the Risk of Security
by Thomas K. Finletter

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HOW ADLAI STEVENSON CAN LEAD THE DEMOCRATS

A Proposal by Frederic W. Collins

Twelve Poems of Walt Whitman from the First Edition of Leaves of Grass

with a commentary by Malcolm Cowley

JUL 26 1955
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JULY 25, 1955 **20c**

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Washington Wire .... T.R.B.

Our urbane contemporary, *The New Yorker,* last week noted the tidy profit accruing to Charles S. Mott, director of General Motors and owner of 800,000 GM shares. In one day recently GM stock jumped 14⅜ points, meaning that in the course of a five-and-a-half-hour Stock Exchange day Mott made $11.5 million. "He may have spent the day in a hammock," observes *The New Yorker,* "or lounging around any of his 13 clubs, but he still made $11.5 million between 10 in the morning and 3:30 in the afternoon."

The GM stock jump came after workers in auto and steel industries won pay increases of between 15 and 20 cents an hour. These boosts did not put any of them in the class of Mr. Mott. Instead, the pay raises are already serving as excuses for higher prices, to send the Mott prosperity higher. Take steel, for example: after the wage increase US Steel simply announced a $7.35-a-ton advance in price, and all the other steel companies quietly followed. (There is no price competition in steel, which accepts the follow-the-leader system.) Economists complain that the steel advance makes no allowance for rising production efficiency and that, anyway, it is two or three times the amount of the wage hike.

As for General Motors, its profits are quite comfortable, thank you. Profits after taxes were $309 million in the first quarter of 1955, or the equivalent on an annual basis of 37 percent of net worth. Put another way this means profits which would equal the entire value of GM in less than 33 months—a fantastic return. GM pays big bonuses to executives: $36.2 million for them in the first quarter of 1955. This fancy sum in executives' bonuses alone is about three-fourths of what all the steel workers got in their combined contract gains, according to union reckoning.

The auto industry says it will have to boost prices next year—the reason, of course, is "higher wages" and increased steel prices. (No mention of executives bonuses.) The *New York Journal of Commerce* estimates that smaller cars will cost $100 more next year. Newspapers shake their heads over the "wage inflation" spiral brought on by the workers. They are full of car advertising, of course.

There is a pattern in all this. Way back at the 1910 New York Auto Show, 84 different makes of cars were exhibited. Today, as financial writer T. K. Quinn observes, "there are only five producers left and two of them are in mortal danger. . . . The government should act to prevent the bankruptcy of American Motors and Studebaker-Packard when the time comes." Mr. Mott, in his hammock, is a symbol. US Steel embraces a combination of 149 other corporations making all sorts of articles; GM is growing in a field from cars to clothes washing machines. On the financial front 100 big banks now have 46 percent of all US deposits. Monopoly advances: at the Auto Show 45 years hence, will there be just one big integrated Exhibitor, making everything the family wants? And will that Exhibitor be a private corporation—or the government? If Socialism comes to America, private monopoly will have brought it.

President Eisenhower has everybody's good will at Geneva. The number of Senators who would get political advantage out of his failure is now confined to Senator McCarthy and two or three of his followers. There is no Henry Cabot Lodge waiting this time with a knife in his hand. Democrats have supported Ike more strongly than Republicans on foreign affairs. The President left for Geneva breathing tolerance and conciliation. We thought the theological part of his farewell address a little odd—implying that because the Free World believes in Christianity and goes to church it wants peace, as contrasted to the non-church-going, atheistic Russians. If that is so, why did the President so stress his own optimism?

This is the critical moment in a session of Congress, the last few weeks. It is now that the big lobbies try for the big stakes and attempt to shove through their bills in the confusion of haste and leave-taking. Every year recently the oil industry has moved into this period with an attempt to free natural gas from federal regulation and it looks as though it will try again. The fight on this issue has been rousing. At the beginning of the year the cause of the consumers seemed hopeless. The oil lobby announced a big advertising drive and moved confidently to what looked like certain victory under a business-minded Administration. We take off our hat particularly to one man, Sen. Paul Douglas (D, Ill.). If anybody stuck his finger in the dike, held the pass, killed the giant (or whatever metaphor you like), it was Douglas. The mayors of 259 cities, representing 31.6 million people in 21 states, have finally got behind him. Douglas never stopped fighting, never stopped pointing out that the rise of a mere 15 cents per 1,000 cubic feet in the field price of gas would add $800 million a year to city dwellers' bills. If the oil lobby loses, Douglas gets the praise, backed by a strong mayors' committee under Joseph S. Clark Jr. of Philadelphia.

Estes Kefauver is a long, lean man with a long, lean face who wears an invisible coonskin cap, speaks softly and has a neat knack with a Tennessee rifle. His bag of game recently, in the Dixon-Yates wilderness, has been extraordinary. He has knocked off Budget Director Rowland Hughes in apparent conflicts of testimony, made nice hits in exposing the so-called "independent" Atomic Energy Commission, the TVA and the SEC as under the thumb of the Administration, and—in a next-to-impossible flying shot—has even winged Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams, who is now revealed as having secretly intervened to postpone an SEC hearing crucial to Dixon-Yates. The Dixon-Yates contract has been cancelled—it had nothing to do, of course, with these things; Mrs. Hobby has departed—it had nothing to do with the Salk vaccine; nomination of Allen Whitfield to the AEC has been withdrawn—it had nothing to do with the Senate investigation; and now Air Force Secretary Harold Talbott faces an inquiry. Mess in Washington?

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BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Mao Tse-Tung Has a Farm Problem Too

THE RECENT decision of the Communist regime in China to lower its goals for the 5-year economic plan covering the years 1953-1957 reflects increasing hardship among Chinese farmers, who were expected to pay most of the cost of the plan. And it raises a doubt whether China, using coercive methods, will actually equal the production gains which democratic India has laid out for herself in a 5-year plan covering 1951-1956.

For example, China set out in 1953 to raise her grain production by 30 percent. The goal has now been reduced to 17.6 percent. Since the export of surplus grain was to be a principal source of capital to finance the industrial expansion, it is probable this shortfall on the farm means curtailment in many targets.

India, by contrast, set out to raise her food-grain production by 14 percent. Unlike China, who planned to employ the Soviet system of collective farms to stimulate grain planting and deliveries, India relied upon the American system of farm extension advisers to work with farmers for increased productivity. And India permitted farmers to market their grain on a free market, except during brief periods of famine.

With these methods and a favorable monsoon, Indian grain production rose more than 15 percent, and the 5-year goal was attained at the end of three years.

China's targets for industrial expansion in the first 5-year plan are more ambitious than those of India, and China is likely to receive more aid from within the Soviet bloc in meeting her industrial goals than India will receive from the Free World. China seeks to triple her steel production, and double her output of electricity, coal, paper and cement. It now appears that a Chinese shortfall in these goals, combined with a more favorable Indian fulfilment of her targets, will make the industrial growth pattern of the two countries very similar.

The curtailment of the Chinese plan could well have been forecast on the basis of recent American scholarly studies of Communist China, such as *The Prospects for Communist China*, prepared by a group of scholars at Massachusetts Institute of Technology under leadership of W. W. Rostow. The M.I.T. group points out that Mao's regime in China is trying to achieve goals as high as those Russia set herself in her first 5-year plan, but China started from a much poorer economic base. Russia in 1928 had a per capita product four times greater than present-day China, low population density per unit of cultivated land, large tracts of arable, uncultivated land and high quality mineral resources. Moreover, Russia launched her industrial growth in a period of international peace, when she could sell easily in the world market and import capital goods without strategic trade controls.

China enjoys none of these advantages. Yet proceeding along the doctrinaire Soviet pattern, China began her enforcement of a state grain monopoly in 1953 and the gradual introduction of collective farming. By mid-1955 resistance in some areas was acute. Riots were reported for three months this spring in Kwangtung Province opposite Hongkong in the South, and an investigative team from Peking reported widespread sabotage of crops and farm tools. Another trouble center is in Fukien Province, opposite Formosa, an area which Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist agents may well have penetrated. Still a third area of disorder, remote from external influence, is Shensi Province, more than 1,000 miles from the seacoast in Northwest China. The Chinese press reported 52 executed and 450 imprisoned for resistance activities there.

A contributing factor to the disorders in all three areas was a prolonged drought which would under any circumstances bring great hardship to people living on the barest margin of subsistence.

China's leaders are finding, as did Russian leaders before them, that farmers are independent, hard to regulate; and any system of industrialization financed by farm output, or to be sustained by collective farms, is an uneasy prospect. The day may come when a mission of Chinese rice farmers will be knocking at our door to visit the mechanized rice fields of Louisiana.

Folsom for Hobby

So MRS. HOBBY has resigned. After a misty-eyed exchange of farewells at the White House (which, luckily, someone had the foresight to mimeograph and distribute to reporters), this "dedicated, inspired American leader" who, in her handling of such matters as the Salk polio vaccine, showed "a perseverance, a wise patience, a deep understanding of the personal problems of our people and a dedication that difficulties could not shake," has gone back to Texas.

Replacing the dedicated lady from Dallas is 61-year-old Marion B. Folsom, a former executive of the Eastman Kodak Co., where he developed one of the country's first pension schemes as well as a health plan for workers. In contrast to persevering Mrs. Hobby, Mr. Folsom knows in advance about the job he is about to undertake. An imaginative businessman in the area of worker security, he was a member of the 1934-35 President's Advisory Council which helped draft the original Social Security Act. Again in 1937 and in 1948, he helped to liberalize the program. He was one of the original trustees and served as chairman of the Committee for Economic Development. Although no advocate of federal health insurance, he has gone counter to the taste of the American Medical Association in his health scheme at Eastman Kodak. He has also parted ways with the US Chamber of Commerce on social security.

Mr. Folsom's major limitation of vision may stem, paradoxically, from his

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long association with Eastman Kodak, a firm known for its liberality in employee relations. He went to Kodak immediately upon receiving his degree at the Harvard Business School in 1914. He stayed on until 1952. Kodak occupies a near-monopoly position in its field and so has been able to pass on the cost of employee benefits to its customers. The plant was owned wholly by the late George Eastman—which made experimenting relatively easy. On occasion—particularly when dealing with unemployment compensation plans—Mr. Folsom has unfortunately assumed that all industry is like Eastman Kodak.

Another possible drawback is the new Secretary's relations with Treasury Secretary George Humphrey. Humphrey is already by far the most influential Cabinet officer, advising the President on matters quite outside his own sphere. Mr. Folsom has been Under-Secretary of the Treasury since the Eisenhower Administration took over, and has thus been directly subject to the Humphrey influence for 30 months. Mr. Humphrey's prime concern is budget-balancing; Mrs. Hobby's prime concern was budget-balancing.

Whether Mr. Folsom's demonstrated concern for workable social security and health plans will be modified by Mr. Humphrey's demonstrated concern over spending too much money remains to be seen. In the meantime, one can only be grateful that the Administration has chosen a man who brings both experience and interest to his job.

Atoms into Kilowatts

ON THE afternoon of July 18, 1955, electricity generated by atomic power was fed into a power grid at West Milton, New York, and some unidentified American housewife in that area was the first human being in history to flick a switch and see her kitchen lighted by atomic power.

Strictly speaking, this is not competitive commercial power. The General Electric Corporation is selling the power for only three-tenths of a cent per kilowatt hour, but the 10,000 kilowatt generator is using free heat from a government atomic reactor built as a prototype for the submarine Sea Wolf, a device which is now running military tests. The power for civilian use is a by-product.

But this small plant will be followed within two years by the first full-scale commercial atomic generation unit which will supply 60,000 kilowatts of electricity to the Pittsburgh area. All told, six commercial atomic power plants are now under way in the United States, and should provide a capacity of 765,000 kilowatts within five years. Within 15 years engineers expect that half of all new power plants constructed in the United States will be atomic powered.

There are still four major unanswered questions about atomic power which the little GE generator at West Milton will be testing in the next two years. Until the answers are in, engineers themselves do not know how cheap the power will be.

First, nobody knows the life of an atomic reactor, and how to amortize the cost. The big government reactors at Hanford and Oak Ridge, built for military use, have now been running a dozen years, much longer than the scientists originally expected. But that experience is not comparable to a commercial power plant.

Second, nobody yet knows the best kind of atomic fuel and the actual amount of fuel consumption in generating electricity. There are many alternatives.

Third, engineers are not yet agreed on the best agent for picking up the heat in the atomic reactor and transferring it into steam.

Fourth, nobody knows the value of the by-products of power production and what they will be worth if atomic power comes into general use. All atomic reactors produce fissionable by-products which should have economic value, and the cost accounting on electric power will depend upon how much credit is allowed for these products. The problem is roughly comparable to the pricing of natural gas when produced as a by-product of petroleum.

The British, in projecting power costs allowed a "plutonium credit" of more than $1,000 per pound of this material produced during power generation. This is based on today's prices, but if atomic power is widely introduced and plutonium as a by-product becomes plentiful, the credit for the by-product would be sharply reduced.

For all these reasons, the actual cost of electricity generated by atomic fuel is unknown today.

The best estimate is that commercial atomic power, produced by utility companies in very large generators of 200,000 kilowatt capacity or more, should cost between 6 and 8 mills per kilowatt, about three-quarters of a cent. Both the British and American estimates are within this range.

This can be compared with our best American coal-fired generating plants built since the war, which turn out electricity for as low as 2 mills a kilowatt, and nearly all postwar plants using coal or gas have achieved a production cost below six mills. Economists cannot yet prove that atomic power will meet this competition.

But the infant atomic industry is in

New Republic A JOURNAL OF OPINION

1826 JEFFERSON PLACE, N. W. WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

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Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1955 in the USA by New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00.

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the same position as the automobile trade at the turn of the century, when the buggy producers scoffed at the competition. The world had not yet seen the assembly lines at Detroit. Nor has the economist yet seen what widespread atomic power will do to cost accounting.

Middle-East Peace Talks

THE SHOOTINGS and bitterness along the Israeli-Egyptian border should diminish following the national Israeli elections on July 26. That is the expectation of the UN Truce Supervisory Organization, whose weary staff have investigated more than 100 shootings on both sides of the 30-mile border of the Gaza strip since January 1.

The official Israeli policy of retaliation for border incidents has kept the region in constant turmoil, but the fighting arises basically from the hopeless economic outlook of 270,000 Palestinian Arabs, crowded into a finger of land 26 miles long and 6 miles wide, and ruled by an Egyptian military government.

Within the Gaza strip, created by the whim of a truce line between Israeli and Arab forces in 1949, lies the seaport of Gaza, a town of 70,000 people whose reason for existence in old Palestine was to serve as market center for much of the Negev. But the truce line runs just back of the town, and the economic blockade leaves the town no livelihood. Moreover, 200,000 Arab shepherds and their families were driven from the hinterland into the Gaza strip in 1949, where they have led a life of idleness and dependence in tent cities for the past six years. Some of these Arabs can look across the truce line to their old grazing grounds, now used by armed Jewish settlers.

It is out of this situation that Arab marauders have gone forth to steal Jewish sheep and crops, to destroy irrigation lines, and to kill villagers. And it is against repeated provocations of this sort that Israeli villagers, and occasionally Israeli troops have staged deliberate retaliatory raids against the Arabs, in the hope of minimizing the danger to their settlers.

While the UN truce team has had occasion to censure both sides in the fighting, there is no question that Israeli electioneering has created a climate of provocation. As the *London Economist* pointed out, "Candidates need to attract the votes of the uneasy sleepers in frontier settlements, the new voters fresh from hazards in lands in which Jews are not secure, and the army fire-eaters who would like to fight while they hold the best guns."

At the same time, the Egyptian regime of Premier Nasser, seeking new strength at home, is uttering threats for home consumption which further aggravate the activist groups in Israel.

This posture of mutual sparring should change after the Israeli election, and make possible a fresh approach to the four proposals for easing the tension, put forward by the UN Truce Supervisor, Canadian General E. L. M. Burns. The proposals are: first, joint patrols on both sides of the lines, composed of UN, Israeli and Egyptian personnel; second, erection of a barbed wire fence to check marauders; third, an undertaking to use only regular troops in front line areas; and fourth, an agreement for communications across the truce line so that the commanders can report and discuss incidents. Both sides have accepted most of the details, and General Burns has pressed the discussions with such patience and flexibility that he has retained the respect of both sides.

News of conflict between Israel and Egypt in the Gaza area has tended to obscure the great improvement in atmosphere along the common Israeli borders with Jordan, Syria and Lebanon, and the growing talk of a permanent peace, advanced unofficially by both Jews and Arabs. Premier Nasser of Egypt stated in a recent interview that Egypt is prepared to give up her administration of the Gaza strip, and that peace with Israel is possible. This is more than any responsible Arab leader has said publicly before. Within Israel a number of peace proposals have appeared in national magazines. One which has received considerable attention in Israel was presented by a Professor at Hebrew University at Jerusalem. Its main features were these:

1. Israel must commit herself to re-

"Come to Beautiful . . ."

A GUST of mid-summer air blew into the Senate the other day and caressed the legislators.

Sen. Hubert Humphrey (D, Minn.) rose to invite the nation to "the greatest vacation land in America, namely, the state of Minnesota." This great land is full of lakes, he revealed, and the lakes are full of fish. Olin Johnston (D, S.C.) interrupted Mr. Humphrey: "I certainly would not wish to keep anyone from going to the great state of Minnesota," he assured his colleague. Still, he added pointedly, the great state of South Carolina is full of beaches and mountain breezes. Mr. Humphrey responded graciously that he didn't mind if a substantial number of people went to South Carolina. This exchange inspired Alexander Wiley (R, Wis.) to announce at some length that Wisconsin is full of cheese. Whereupon Frederick G. Payne (R, Me.) broke in to tell his fellow Senators that "only a few nights ago I slept in Maine under two blankets." Mr. Payne expressed his pleasure that Mr. Humphrey has accepted an invitation to visit Maine this summer "to view its 2,500 miles of coastline darting in and around harbors and coves, to see some of its myriads of lakes, rivers, hills and mountains, the beautiful coastal area which Maine offers, and to enjoy some of Maine's lobsters, which are known everywhere for their outstanding and delectable quality." To this Mr. Humphrey replied: "It will be a delight and a joy to the Humphrey family to travel through Maine as we wander back to God's great, wonderful recreational area in the State of Minnesota."

The Senate sighed and went on to other business.

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patriation of 100,000 Arab refugees. This number was once publicly offered by Premier Sharett but later withdrawn.

2. Israel should make a magnanimous offer of compensation for confiscated Arab property. The proposal is that if peace should make possible a lifting of the Suez blockade and the reopening of the Iraq-Haifa oil pipeline, Israel should be prepared to pledge the funds thus saved—an estimated $30 million a year—toward Arab compensation.

3. Israel should grant frontier changes in the Southern Negev to provide for direct border contact between Egypt and Jordan.

It is too soon to judge whether any such general settlement is attainable but it is clear that the generally improved climate for peace talks in Europe also has its counterpart in the Middle East.

Education Doesn't Pay

THE BLEAK outlook for educational television may be becoming just a little bleaker. The Federal Communications Commission is going to examine the proposal of commercial interests to take over a VHF-TV channel in Des Moines, Ia., which had been set aside for educational, noncommercial use. This is the first time the FCC has agreed even to consider such a proposal. If the deal goes through, it will be the first time that an educational reservation has been withdrawn since the FCC set aside the noncommercial allotment of 258 channels in 1952, and it might set a precedent.

With Frieda Hennock, the lone and vocal champion of educational TV now gone from the FCC (her term expired on June 30), the Commission is composed of men who have never shown any concern for the plight of the educators. The setting-up of a TV station is an expensive and complex operation; raising the needed money has not proved easy for the citizens' groups and educational institutions concerned. It is true, as commercial companies with aspirations toward the valuable VHF outlets argue, that the educators have had three years to make use of their franchises and, in all but a handful of cases, have not done so. But it is also true that if the unused VHF channels are now given over to businessmen, and educators are relegated to the ultra-high frequency range, educational TV will probably never flourish in America; it may not survive.

Mr. Young Buys Himself Some Zinc

HOWARD I. YOUNG is president of the American Zinc, Lead and Smelting Company. From 1951-53 he was also Deputy Administrator of the Defense Materials Procurement Administration. From American Zinc in 1953 he received $79,600; from the government he received one dollar. This made him officially one of our thousands of dollar-a-year men. According to Comptroller General Joseph Campbell and Sen. John J. Williams (R, Del.), it also put him in a position in the government where he was able to benefit his own company.

Here is one of several examples of Mr. Young's activities, as Senator Williams related it to his colleagues last week: In January, 1953, Mr. Young was notified by the W. M. & W. Mining Co., Inc., that it could not continue the production of zinc concentrates without government help. American Zinc was most interested in W. M. & W. continuing production; it had advanced $36,000 to the company for future supplies. Mr. Young, in his capacity as Defense Materials Administrator, promptly arranged a contract, made retroactive to 1952, calling for subsidy payments to W. M. & W., which permitted it to fulfill its obligations to his company. This boost to free enterprise was given despite the opinion of other officials that as zinc was not in short supply at the time, subsidy payments were not justified. But they were made, anyway, and amounted to $19,000.

Cases like Mr. Young's and Mr. Adolph Wenzell's—formerly of the First Boston Corp. and the Bureau of the Budget—have aroused considerable interest around Congress — particularly as bills are now up to extend the 1950 Defense Production Act, which permits the government to use executives on loan from private industry without compensation. Three Congressional committees and the Justice Department are busy scrutinizing the dollar-a-year man. In coming days he is certain to be described glowingly as devoted public servant and also darkly as a self-seeking manipulator.

But the significance of the Wenzells and the Youngs lies in quite a different area. When the presence of dollar-a-year men in federal offices reaches the proportions it has reached in recent years—with 15 of 25 divisions in the Commerce Department's Business and Defense Service Administration now headed by them—a reappraisal seems to be in order.

Even the best-meaning businessman who comes to Washington comes as a businessman. It is not reasonable or even just to expect a corporation executive to cast off the considerations of his firm's welfare that have engaged him for a lifetime simply because he comes to Washington; it is not reasonable to expect a civil servant to remain wholly aloof from the influence of the successful, wealthy corporation executive at the next desk. Without any collusion or consciousness of bad faith, decisions made under these circumstances are bound to reflect the goals, the outlook of the big businessman. In time of emergency, this may be unavoidable; but for the present it might best be avoided.

"Why, yes—I agree with you completely."

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Toward Disarmament

Thomas K. Finletter suggests that the first step contemplated by the Administration is a wrong step

DISARMAMENT is a live subject at the moment. The Russians seem to mean business about slowing down, perhaps even stopping, the arms race. We, the United States, apparently believe, officially, that the burden of armaments on the Russian economy has become so heavy that the Russians want to make a deal with the West for disarmament. The US Government seems to want to make a deal too. President Eisenhower has said that disarmament would probably be discussed at Geneva, and he was very earnest in saying he hoped these heavy expenditures in arms would stop.

The United States enters these discussions with a well-defined program on disarmament . . . based on a premise which should not and will not be accepted by the people of the country. This premise is that it would be safe for the United States to destroy its atom bombs under an *unenforceable* system of disarmament—one which, since it would be unenforceable, would put faith in Russian and Chinese Communist promises.

This unenforced policy was revealed in a release of documents at London in May of this year. You will remember that the United Nations Subcommittee on Disarmament was meeting in London in sessions which were supposed to be secret. The Russians, though, made a flamboyant public release describing the policy they had been advocating in the secret sessions and pointing out to the world that they had now accepted practically all the proposals which the United States and the other Western countries had been making for the reduction and control of arms. And indeed they had accepted most of the West's program. Only on the inspection service was there any substantial difference. And even on inspection the Russians had gone far, agreeing to international inspectors permanently stationed on Russian soil at control posts in the big ports, railway junctions, motor roads and airdromes, and agreeing also to allow international officials unhindered access to materials pertaining to national budget appropriations for military needs, and to be allowed to inspect all "objects of control," whatever that means.

The West also released its side of the case at London. The significant fact which came out of this release was that the United States had abandoned its old principle of insisting on a "foolproof enforcement" before it gave up any of its arms, and now was ready to disarm even of its atom power, in reliance on an unenforced arrangement. The West said at London that it would give up all its atom bombs in exchange for a promise from the Russians to give up all of theirs, provided that both sides would first reduce their "conventional" forces to certain levels, namely 1 to 1.5 million men each for Russia, Communist China and the United States, 650,000 men each for the United Kingdom and France, and lower figures for the other countries on both sides of the Iron Curtain.

The Western proposals at London recognized that US public opinion would not put up with the United States giving up its main weapon, its air-atomic power, in reliance on Soviet and Chinese Communist good faith. So they announced a new theory, or rather put new faith in an old theory, which is supposed to protect us against a breach of faith by the Russians or the Chinese. This is the so-called fire alarm principle based on an elaborate inspection system.

The fire alarm theory is this. If there are enough inspectors permanently on the soil of all countries, and if these inspectors have the right of access to all factories, installations and other necessary places, they will be able to learn if any country violates the disarmament terms. If there is a violation the fire alarm will ring. Then the matter may be referred to the United Nations which may try to persuade the law-abiding states to go to war to compel the offending country to stop its violations, or if the UN fails to rise to the occasion, the law-abiding nations may go to war on their own initiative against the offender. Or if they do not want to do that, they can start rearming.

Possibly if the fire alarm were perfect, and would report every fire, we might think of paying a high price for it. But even then I do not think we should give up our good right arm, our air-atomic power and much of the rest of our military establishment for an inspection service which could be stopped at any moment at the will of the Communists.

But this is academic. No inspection service can assure us that we shall know what the Russians and the Chinese are doing, especially in the atomic field. The Russians now have a lot of fissionable material and the other ingredients that go into A- and H-bombs. If they want to they can hide large quantities of this material and even the bombs they now have in the vast spaces of Russia and China which would be beyond any finding under any inspection system. The current Western proposals for disarmament in short would have us destroy our A- and H-bombs and would leave the Russians and the Chinese with a great amount of atomic explosives and of completed atomic weapons, together with the means of delivering these weapons against the US and the rest of the Free World.

But it may be said, this can be cured by a provision in the Disarmament Treaty that the airplanes and guided missiles which would carry the A- and H-bombs also would be destroyed or converted to commercial use, and that no more atomic bomb carriers would be built.

A prohibition of this kind on the means of delivery would not work. The fire alarm device should catch the big guided missiles capable of carrying atomic weapons, and should warn us too of any move by the Russians to re-

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Thomas K. Finletter's latest book, Power and Policy, *examines US military policy in relation to requirements of national security.*

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new their building of big military bombers of the IL37 and 39 type capable of attack on the United States or of the smaller aircraft capable of reaching targets nearer to Russia or China. The fire alarm would *not* though warn us of a Russian or Chinese move to use their existing commercial aircraft to carry their concealed A- and H-bombs in a sneak attack. And the commercial aircraft of a short time from now will be turbo or turbo-propellor driven, capable of high speeds and with long range and capable of mounting a sneak atomic blast at any part of the free world.

Only by a provision that commercial aviation would be controlled, indeed operated, by an international body such as the UN, would it be possible to prevent any nation possessing atomic bombs from having also the ability to deliver them. Such a control over commercial aviation is irreconcilably inconsistent with the idea of an unenforced system.

If we persist in the proposals we made at London, or any other disarmament plan based on the unenforceable principle, it will be rejected by public opinion in this country and by the representatives of that opinion in the Congress. The reason that no tinkering with the London proposals will do any good is that they are based on a premise which is inconsistent with the safety of the United States. That premise is that we can rely on Russian and Chinese promises in matters of the military security of our country. This is the inherent and fatal weakness of any system of unenforced disarming. I do not think that American opinion will agree to disarm under a system of that kind.

My objection is not to the idea of taking first steps. It is that the first step which was proposed is a bad one.

Let us now look at this policy of enforced disarmament. What is it? Why is it so objectionable that we dare not even try to realize it. And if we did, would it work—surely, probably, or not at all?

Briefly and oversimplified, the following is the essence of an enforced system. It starts with some negative propositions.

1. The guiding principle of an enforced system is that we will not give up our decisive weapon, our atomic-air, or the smallest part of it, except at the end of the last step in the development of an enforcement system which, when this last step is completed, will be able, practically and legally, to stop any law-breaking state (and here we are thinking especially of Russia and Red China) from starting to rearm or from using any weapons which it may have successfully concealed.

2. Collective security cannot enforce a disarmament treaty. Collective security, that is the making of war by the law-abiding states to suppress a law-breaking state, will not work against major countries such as Russia.

3. Inspection is not enforcement. Inspection is the intelligence system, the G2, which gets the facts but goes no further. It is the fire alarm, not the fire department.

4. The two pillars of any enforced system must be:

First, to have a UN military force strong enough to compel any law-breaking state, including the largest, to stop any violation of the terms of the disarmament treaty.

And second, since this UN force must be relatively small, the other pillar must be to have all countries disarm down to the level needed for domestic policing.

5. Finally, an enforced system will need effective international control, which will probably connote international operation, of all civilian aircraft over a certain size. The wide spread of fissionable material and fission and fusion bombs and the ability to conceal them have made civilian aircraft into potential military vehicles. And since they would carry hydrogen weapons they cannot be left uncontrolled.

This, in rough outline, is the kind of arrangement, the kind of invasion of our national privacy, we would have to put up with if we were to agree to an enforced system of disarmament. It would be a serious invasion. It would be acceptable to our American opinion only if the American people were convinced it was the only way, or the best way by which war could be averted.

I do not think that a first step of giving up our air-atomic power in exchange for a partial reduction in the conventional forces of the Russians and Chinese is a sensible step. We might though make one move which, although it would avoid the difficult issues and therefore would be quite limited in its effect, might push the ball a few yards ahead.

We might make arrangements at Geneva, or later, for a continuing international committee at a high level to discuss disarmament. This is such a novel and vital subject that the United States representative on such a committee should be an official one step only below the President, that is, a cabinet official; and Mr. Stassen has already been given this status by the President. If the major Allies and the Russians and Red Chinese would appoint officials of equal rank, and the United Nations would name one of its highest officials such as the Secretary General to participate or preferably to act as Chairman, such a group might produce results.

This is not the first step I would prefer, but it would, I think, be helpful. The first step I would like to see would be more venturesome. It would be for the United States Government to abandon the idea that it knows for certain that the people of our country would not accept an enforced disarmament, including that objectionable UN police force and all the other disagreeable elements of such a system, and to put forward an enforceable plan in the normal disarmament discussions in the UN; and at the same time cause to be proposed in the Congress a joint resolution, as was done recently in the case of Formosa, calling for a vote by the Congress on the policy of enforcement. In this way the Administration would be relieved of the awful responsibility of deciding for the American people what they are or are not willing to do in this the most vital of all issues of national policy.

We cannot be sure what the response of the American people would be. Justice Brandeis said that "the irresistible is often only that which is not resisted." It may be that, in this matter of peace, the impossible is only that which we are too timid to try.

THOMAS K. FINLETTER

A STUDY of alternate approaches to disarmament is being made for the *New Republic* by Charles G. Bolte, formerly with the US Mission to the United Nations. His detailed findings and a proposal for enforced disarmament will be published soon in these pages.

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Until the votes are counted sixteen months from now, New Republic will comment each week on campaign issues.

What Adlai Stevenson Can Do

by Frederic W. Collins

IT COULD just be that the greatest opportunity in front of Adlai Stevenson right now is to remake the role of the titular leader in American party politics. In the doing he might improve the next great opportunity he seeks, to become President of the United States, but that consideration is outside the interest of this piece.

A titular leader is the man who was the candidate of the defeated political party in the most recent Presidential election, but has no guarantee he will be its candidate in the next one. The specifications of his role constitute what is perhaps the most serious defect of the American political system. They make it sure that the "out" party will be absolutely incapable of speaking with one coherent voice during the four years of inter-party competition until the next election; four years during which the "in" party possesses the most powerful single voice, that of the President, in the whole nation. This is a senseless, accidental, unconsciously-arrived-at punitive measure imposed upon the conquered by themselves, a whopping disadvantage to which either party may become subject as election destinies change. Its remorseless workings were demonstrated over 20 years in the experience of the Republicans, who if they had not found Mr. Eisenhower —and they owe few thanks to the party system for that —might have stayed out forever, and died.

The necessity is that a party have at all times a single leader to whom a majority of its responsible elements freely give allegiance, with the understanding that on a restoration to power, he will head its government. In addition to improving the standards of political competition, the arrangement would have multiple other advantages: Among them, a better-organized criticism of the performance of the government in power, all to the public good; and the capacity to train up and maintain members of a shadow government ready and able to take office when the election went "right." Certainly, too, it would develop a higher party discipline, which after some reservations are made for diversity of thought within this large country, would serve to sharpen a choice for the voters.

This is a time of change in political institutions, sometimes little-noticed. Senator George is rewriting the script for the "opposition" in the field of foreign policy, and until his heart attack, Sen. Lyndon Johnson was by the nature of his leadership creating through action a whole new concept of party opposition. President Eisenhower himself, by extension and elaboration of the staff system in government, and by carrying delegation to new reaches, is recasting the Presidency. The only extant titular leader might as well get into the act. American political history is ornamented by instances of great and imaginative invention beyond the articles of authority granted the inventors, beginning with the Constitution itself and including, for that matter, the two-party system. There is no constitutional provision or statute circumscribing Mr. Stevenson's activities; he is free, if he can, to proceed as logic dictates. His collateral tasks would include the creation of a new and different function for the national party committees and for their legislative wings.

Mr. Stevenson is said to be distressed by his present situation, and well he might be. It is an unholy mess. But it is not new, and his plight is not a new one. He lacks a staff. He lacks a research organization. He lacks an advisory group. He is cut off from detailed information on public affairs. He has no public office. He lacks an established forum. The Democratic National Committee plods along (as does the Republican headquarters under parallel circumstances) under the dreary legend: "Our function is not to select, but to elect." There is no teamwork between him and the Congressional leaders of the party.

There is no need, in this context, to take time to shed a tear for Mr. Stevenson. The point, outside partisanship, is that this is an incredibly punk way of running a party when it's out; and yet, incredibly, it's the only way we have.

Mr. Stevenson has some assets. He *is* the titular leader. He has a record saying that 27,314,992 people voted for him for President in 1952. He has friends. Some of them have money, and some of them know people who have money. He has access to a supply of rather good minds. His personal relationships among both the national committee and the Congressional branch (and

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FOR THE past 14 years, Frederic W. Collins has served as Washington correspondent for the *Providence, Rhode Island, Journal.* He has also written on American politics for the *Atlantic Monthly, London Economist* and the *New York Times Magazine.*

among Governors and state organizations) are good.

But his greatest asset is that he can consider himself to be clearly in front of the field for the 1956 nomination. Whether that turns out to be true is beside the point just at this crucial time. Right now, Governor Harriman continues to defer to him, even while Mr. DeSapio and Mr. Prendergast tremble with restless stirrings of ambition. Governor Williams says the party generally feels Mr. Stevenson has first call, a way of saying that Mennen wants it if Adlai doesn't claim it pretty quick. Senator Symington is not a candidate "now"; he knows it would be quite a trick to overwhelm the titular leader, and so downward, echelon by echelon.

This is the moment, then, that is right for a great decision by Mr. Stevenson: That he shall stop regarding himself as a candidate for renomination, and start behaving like *the* Democratic candidate for election; and, laying vigorously about him at the archaic machinery of his meaningless primacy as titular leader, create a new political institution—The Leader of his party.

Thus the party gains a single voice, to its own advantage, however it might resist, and thus the candidate, the leader, draws to his support in good season the party apparatus. The party, reluctant by custom and habit like any "out" party to make up its mind, might conceivably be greatly relieved to have its mind made up for it.

In order to do this thing for the first time, it might well be necessary for Mr. Stevenson to create a transitional institution, a sort of personal Democratic Party. That he could do, with those friends, and that money, and those brains, and those relationships in the committee and in Congress and out in the states. He could create a staff, and a research organization, and a formal, full-time advisory group. Through the party membership on Congressional committees he could gain information on public affairs. He would automatically occupy a reasonable imitation of public office. He could find forums, and buy them when he ran short. He could throw a rein on the national committee headquarters staff. And if the Congressional leaders declined teamwork, what could they do about him? Where would be their single voice to be raised in challenge? Mr. Stevenson could scarcely be stopped from constructing a party position, and offering it to the public as a party position; it would be risky to oppose him, because he might get elected, and disadvantageous to stay aloof and lose the chance to build one's own ideas into the party position.

Such a new procedure would, among other things, put a stop to the silly business of running a Presidential race on a legislative record. The parties almost never choose Senators or Congressmen for Presidential candidates any more; there has been none since Warren Harding, one reason why it may well be a long time before the next one. Yet, in the absence of a single spokesman having the true nature of a party executive (as distinct from a chairman), the Congressional leaders have by default become the formulators of party policy for the "outs," and in the nature of things and of Congressmen, incoherence has been the result. A Presidential race would be run on what a President would try to get his legislature to do, not on what his party's legislative record has been.

It is only by licensing a single spokesman that the parties can materialize the essential ingredients of party contest, "issues," and give them meaningful distinctions. Who knows, on the basis of the record in this latest Congress, just what the issues are between the parties? Yet they are there, and Stevenson, on the occasions when he has spoken even as a titular leader, has begun to identify them, as he did in his speech before the National Education Association. The issues emerged, for example, in the report of the President's Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, and of the Hoover Commission report (and that of its task force) on water resources. They sum up as the issue of the federal role in the management and nourishing of the American society, and the federal diligence in expanding the necessary paraphernalia of that society in step with the expanding population. There is the line on which the parties can divide and along which they can compete.

Given the establishment of what I shall now call the Stevenson system of conducting party affairs, one great innovation would be necessary. The parties (one assumes the Republicans would adopt the system once they saw its virtues demonstrated) would on the occasion of defeat convene immediately after an election, instead of just before the next one, to decide who their leader, their candidate the next time, would be. That done, his would be the executive role for the party during the four years of contest between elections. The subtle influence of this arrangement would be such, perhaps, that the tradition of junking a man after two failures would be repealed, because there would be established the novel, even revolutionary, assumption that the man just licked was still, for all that, the best man the party had, or else why was he the candidate. All that would be lost would be the useless procedure of shopping around for something better in the four-year interval, which is the basic reason why the party remains weak while out. And the truly Utopian achievement—this has been saved until the last, this is the dessert—would be the elimination of the quadrennial circuses of sweat and frenzy known as the national nominating conventions.

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Textile Strike: 1955 Style

by Janet Thompson Burns

"I'VE never seen anything like it. I've never been involved in anything like this. But I say just two words, 'Thank God!' "

That is the way Henry Kullas, hard-driving area director for the Textile Workers Union of America, CIO, describes the way the whole community rallied behind the 2,700 cotton-rayon workers in Adams and North Adams in their 3-month strike against the Berkshire-Hathaway Corporation.

"Union people down in Southern mill towns would look on this as Utopia in Berkshire County," he said. "Why, even the police are helping us—we're used to having them beat our brains out on the pavement."

Union headquarters is full of bustle, but it is a quiet strike in this community. There is no real picketing of the great empty factories. The strikers are sticking together, and the public seems in close sympathy with them in opposition to "absentee" management that it feels wants to cut the already low wages of local people.

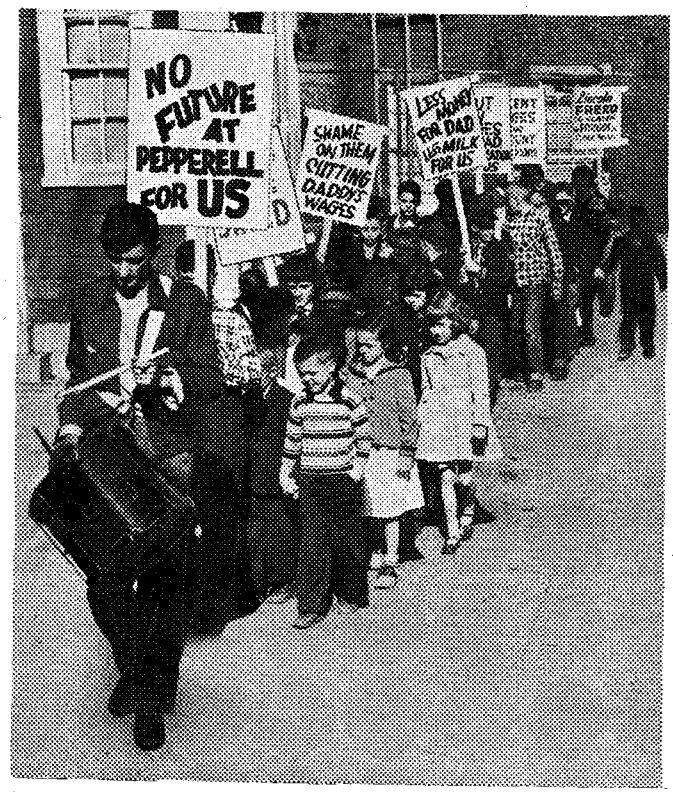
Clippings from local newspapers plaster the walls of Kullas' office. The *North Adams Transcript,* run by conservative business interests in the area, editorialized sharply about the unyielding attitude of the new absentee ownership of the local mills. A top Company representative reportedly had a lengthy session with the editor, who refused to change his position. He followed this up with two more forthright editorials favoring a settlement and throughout has given remarkably fair news coverage to the strike. Meanwhile a second area newspaper, the *Berkshire Evening Eagle,* printed a detailed story of the strike by one of its top reporters and an editorial urging the governors of the three states involved to press for arbitration.

Local businesses also rushed to support the strikers. A furniture company bought a large ad to announce that it would not press strikers for payments on furniture. The Chamber of Commerce of North Adams and the Personal Finance Co. told Kullas that no striker had to keep up his credit payments until he got his job back.

Kullas received a sizable check from the Democratic County Committee. "First time a political organization ever did this, to my knowledge," he says. Even more surprising, this group of people, representing small towns in predominantly rural Berkshire County, voted unanimously to make this gift of a substantial part of their treasury to the strike relief fund. They were chiefly concerned about the plight of the strikers, but they couldn't resist making a dig at the Republicans in urging them to do likewise.

In the end, the Republican Party is just about the only group that has not got behind the strike. In North Adams, all non-CIO unions banded together as the "Civic Groups of Northern Berkshire" to raise money for the relief of strikers. Headed by a member of the bartenders union, this group included the Central Labor Union, mineworkers, sketchmakers and engravers, typographers, AFL textile workers, postal employees, insurance agents. The independent Condenser Workers Union at the prosperous Sprague Electric Company voted to forego their annual picnic and contribute the $1,200 it would cost. Teachers, politicians, lawyers, ministers, police, the Americans for Democratic Action and businessmen joined in, though there was no formal appeal for funds. The Adams Town Meeting voted to appropriate an extra $20,000 for its Veterans Fund to cover relief payments to a hundred or more strikers who are veterans.

What sort of strike is it that brings in everyone from the Personal Finance Company to the ADA? The Berk-



Children of the strikers picket Pepperell

Janet Thompson Burns, a Williamstown, Mass., housewife, was one of those citizens who aided the Berkshire County strikers.

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shire Fine Spinning mills throughout New England had seen no walkout since TWUA organized its first local there in 1938. On last March 11, the Hathaway Company, personified for the union by Seabury Stanton, the enterprising executive vice-president and spokesman for the chain, absorbed Berkshire and formed the Berkshire-Hathaway Corporation. Just over a month later, on April 15, 25,000 cotton-rayon workers in Maine, Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island went out on strike. The key Fall River-New Bedford Textile Manufacturers negotiating group, of which Stanton was a leader, had formally asked concessions amounting to a 10-cents-an-hour cut in wages and fringe benefits. Thirty-seven other companies, employing another 25,000 workers, had acceded to TWUA demands for renewal of existing contracts. After a few weeks three large companies went back to work on the basis of equality in the final settlement with the other struck mills. Some 10,000 workers in 12 plants of the Berkshire-Hathaway Corporation in Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island remained on strike as pacesetters for the industry, refusing to give in to Stanton's "unrealistic" and "disgraceful" demands.

SITTING in Henry Kullas' headquarters you get a sense of the human problems involved. Each local of the union elected its own relief committee which meets one day a week. A worker needing aid comes in and fills out a case record telling his family status, bank account, who else in the family is working and so forth. He is referred to town Veterans' Funds or to the welfare agent if that is where he can get the most. The whole procedure is very systematic. Nobody gets cash. As Kullas puts it, "We're trying to get a hundred cents out of every buck."

A "client" comes in to the Relief Committee and says he needs food for the weekend for his family of 13. The committee—his co-workers, who know him well—look over his card and how much he was given the week before, and he gets a voucher for $33 worth of groceries, countersigned twice by union officials; he presents the voucher at the grocery store and the merchant is paid directly by the union.

Or a woman comes in and says in Polish that her child is making his first communion and needs some clothes; a voucher for a pair of pants and some sneakers is made out to a clothing store. Another worker needs four pairs of shoes for his children and goes off happy with a voucher entitling him to $12 worth. Food, shoes, gas and light bills are the main immediate expenses. Some local landlords have been letting rent payments slide.

How do the strikers hold out? Partly it is sheer grit and determination. It seems incredible to them that in this time of prosperity, when the auto worker has won a guaranteed annual wage and the steel worker a wage increase, the textile worker is at the bottom of industrial America fighting a wage cut.

Partly it is other jobs. One man works as a painter. Another umpires baseball. One woman is a waitress, and a second takes tickets in the movie theatre. But local manufacturers are not hiring strikers, and most of them are catching up on work around home.

The workers are also enjoying "vacation pay." After the tenth week of the strike, the union succeeded in negotiating with the company to get the annual pay distributed before July 1. The strikers went back to their regular shops in the mills to pick up their checks. Local company managers were amazed to see five girls able to drive up in a cab to collect their money. They asked one woman millhand who has five children and whose husband is also on strike how they were making out. "Oh, we're doing all right. My husband's building a new porch on the house."

Morale continues high. The union's leadership keeps the members busy, administers relief fairly as needed, lets the workers know how the community is backing them up, and also talks up political action. Under Massachusetts law no striker can get unemployment compensation, whereas just across the border in Rhode Island strikers against the same company were getting benefit payments. TWUA had an appropriate bill introduced in the State Legislature, and here again the community jumped in to back up the strikers.

The union leaders are pressing hard for arbitration. They have nothing to lose. Nobody wants to go back before a settlement. As one worker remarked, "It's the company that's on strike—not the people." It is known that Berkshire-Hathaway had an inventory when the strike began of 60 million yards of cloth, or enough for 13 weeks, and that since April 15 there has been an average price increase of 2 cents a yard on this cloth. Furthermore, a federal tax law permits the mills to stay closed and write off losses against their 1956 and 1957 earnings. The union figures this to mean that the company is making more profit from the weeks of strike than it did in all 1954. Furthermore, they have seen the figures and know that in spite of cries about the need to cut wages and "meet competition" Berkshire-Hathaway dividends have gone up. The ordinary citizen gets no tax credit, no unemployment compensation.

Kullas, watching his people closely, comments, "Caught in the web of circumstance, all this man or woman can do is tighten his belt a notch—but nobody thinks about giving in."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As we go to press, the New England textile strike is being settled in a victory for the union. Company owners, on July 13, agreed to drop their demand for a 10¢-an-hour cut in wages and fringe benefits. Employees agreed to minor adjustments on holiday pay and work load requirements. A new contract has been signed which the union believes will prevent industry from cutting the wages of any of New England's 45,000 organized textile workers for the next two years.*

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Franco Smooths the Way for a Bourbon's Return

by Daniel M. Friedenberg

ON JANUARY 18th of this year a specially chartered de luxe train of the Spanish Minister of Public Works pulled into the Madrid station. Out from a window of the train stuck the blond head of a young man. While thousands of onlookers cheered, Count Mayalde, the mayor of Madrid, stepped forward in an elaborate ceremony of welcome, accompanied by a special representative of General Franco. The handsome young man accepted their greetings to the redoubled cheers of the crowd.

Prince Juan Carlos, grandson of Alfonso XIII and oldest son of Don Juan de Bourbon, Count of Barcelona and Pretender of the throne of Spain, had arrived in Madrid.

To students of recent Spanish history, the arrival and official welcome of the Pretender's son in Madrid would have been considered impossible only mere months ago. For Generalissimo Franco, who rules Spain more completely than Louis XIV ever ruled France, has had a lifelong contempt for the principle of monarchy and especially the Bourbon line which so ineffectually governed Spain since the eighteenth century. Indeed, the feeling between Franco and the Count of Barcelona, son of Alfonso XIII, is so bitter that the Pretender has been forced to live in exile since the end of the Spanish Civil War.

What violent shift of the political pendulum has caused this unexpected turn of events in Spain? Why is Franco courting a 17-year-old adolescent while still undisputed master of a Spain which is in healthier economic condition than any time since the dictatorship of Primo de Rivera in 1925? What effect does this extraordinary development have on the Falange, the Fascist Party which has been the main political prop of Franco? And, most of all, what does the welcome of this young Prince presage for the future of Spain?

In attempting to answer these questions, it is first necessary to review the background of the present dictator, his rise to power during the Spanish Civil War and the nature of the forces supporting his rule.

General Franco came to the fore during the early days of the Civil War by a series of coincidences. Far down the list in the line of succession among the Rebels, the relatively young commander of the Foreign Legion in Morocco obtained prominence by the caprice of fortune. General Sanjurjo, the most noted Spanish military chief, was killed in an airplane accident three days after the Civil War began. José Antonio Primo de Rivera, son of the previous dictator and founder of the Falange, was shot by a Republican firing squad at the beginning of the revolt. Calvo Sotelo, the violent monarchist leader, had been assassinated by the Socialists. General Mola, head of the military junta and strongly anti-Falangist, came to his death a few months after the outbreak of war. By a peculiar series of accidents, General Franco was elevated in the fracas on the Rebel side caused by the conflict among the leaderless Falangists and Monarchists, Carlists and pro-Germans. Without a wide personal following and singularly devoid of the Führer *mystique*, the aspiring dictator had to fall back upon a classic coalition of the Army, Church and nobility, while at the same time coalescing the Falange into his instrument of personal power.

The problem of legitimacy of authority, however, was only temporarily solved by this unnatural league of political bedfellows. The uneasy coalition, held together alone by its overwhelming fear of a Red or anarchist Spain, was and still continues to be rent from within by the same conflicts which have plagued Spanish history since the Industrial Revolution. For the middle class, whose natural interest lies in developing the resources of the nation, is in perpetual friction with the absentee landowning nobility. The Falange, a fluid organization of the new managerial middle class and the urban property holders, tends to be republican in spirit, a feeling shared by Franco because of his personal enmity with the Count of Barcelona. The monarchists, while they look down upon the bourgeois upstarts who took away their monopoly of political power, are still further divided among the followers of the Count of Barcelona and the even more reactionary Carlists. It is only the personal prestige of Franco which has prevented the contending sects from flying at each others' throats. But Franco cannot live forever; he is now in his 63rd year and, it is rumored, in ill health. What will happen to the fragile authoritarian structure balanced on a hostile and sullen mass if the Caudillo passes from the scene?

Generalissimo Franco himself has not been unaware of the tensions underlying his rule. For years, like an agile ballet dancer, he has pirouetted above the conflicting cliques, alternately silent or caustic, always invisibly per-

Daniel M. Friedenberg, a New York businessman who has written extensively about Spain, has just returned from his most recent visit there.

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suasive. But it is now apparent that he has entered on a road of new decision in the last few months. Without male issue, undoubtedly haunted by the historic example of Cromwell's son and the more recent disturbances in Russia due to Stalin's death, he has determined to evolve the structure of the Spanish state to a point where continuity of authority can be maintained on his own passing. The following accelerated table of events shows clearly the speed with which he has put into effect his decision:

Early November: Another in the long series of attacks by Franco against the monarchy. Again the Bourbon line is accused of all the evils occurring in Spain during the last 150 years.

November 21: The monarchists present a list of candidates in opposition to the Falange during the Madrid municipal elections and are denounced by Franco for running against the "Movement." The week following the results, he publicly congratulates Fernandez Cuesta, secretary general of the Falange, and Blas Pérez, Minister of Government, on their success at the polls.

December 29: General Franco and the Count of Barcelona meet secretly at Las Cabezas for a series of talks under the auspices of a convinced monarchist who is likewise a firm supporter of the Caudillo.

January 12: The head of the monarchist list in the Madrid municipal elections formally informs Franco that the election was "bartered," and the following day Messrs. Fernandez Cuesta and Pérez are in turn rebuked by Franco. Minister of Justice Iturmendi, who had cleared the election of all irregularities, resigns, with his resignation immediately being accepted.

January 18: Juan Carlos of Bourbon, son of the Pretender, the Count of Barcelona, arrives in Madrid to receive a military education as guest of the Government. He is openly greeted by a representative of Franco and prominent monarchists.

January 27: In a long interview given to *Arriba*, the Falange newspaper, Franco now accepts the principle of monarchy, even lauding Alfonso XIII, his former whipping horse. Furthermore, the Caudillo renounces former hints at the possibility of a Carlist pretender being elevated to the throne instead of the grandson of Alfonso XIII: "As to those traditionalists . . . they represent only the speculation of a small group without echo in the nation." He puts himself directly in the ranks of the monarchists: "The old Republican institutions will find in the Falange a relentless enemy and, to the contrary, the royalty that we define will find in our ranks her most faithful and firm servants."

It is thus apparent that the aging dictator of Spain, whether or not under pressure we are still unaware, has definitely put himself on record as favoring a restoration of the Bourbon monarchy.

Yet, the mere fact of deciding for a monarchy against the superficial frame of Republican institutions leaves the most important question still undecided. For the struggle to determine who shall be the guiding power behind the throne is the real key to an understanding of the present unrest in Spain. For Franco to reintroduce so feeble an authority as the Bourbons would undo his work and reopen the country to all the liberal and anarchist influences which had eroded Spain since its Golden Age. Therefore, more than merely going back to the system preceding his dictatorship, it was necessary to think of a radical change in the content of the government supporting any possible future monarch.

In two speeches made during recent months, the Caudillo has attempted to define the position of the Falange toward the monarchy. The first was precipitated by murmurs from anti-royalist members of his own Movement on learning of the accord by which the young Prince Juan Carlos was returning to study in Spain. The Generalissimo cautioned:

> All declared and concealed enemies of our new rising long for a change that could weaken us as a nation. For that reason, it is essential to avoid changes and not give them the occasion to weaken or divide us.

With an eye to the most intransigent anti-royalists, he continued:

> He who will look today at life in Spain and judge the Monarchy for what it represented during its last years, may be confused; but if he analyzes the significance of the Republic during its two periods and the damages and catastrophies it caused our Country . . . he will understand what must be the true path for our people to follow.

Thereupon Franco attempted to quiet their fears by emphasizing that the monarchy would be the tool of the Movement and not vice versa. And in a final effort to unite the Falange leadership split between those for and against the monarchy, he concluded:

> Our loyalty to the forces that formed the National Movement and to all those who contributed with their blood and effort to attain victory will be perpetual . . . the continuity of the National Movement is the National Movement itself without dilution.

Then, in a mere matter of weeks, Franco's mind crystallized. In a second speech he dropped the "may" and spoke of the restoration of monarchy as a matter of course. Now cast in the role of statesman rather than politician, he speculated on the form of monarchy he would allow:

> . . . It is necessary that the institution be stronger than personalities and that our own system guarantee us against the possible defects of royal inheritance. Many of the lamentable historical occurrences which were our legacy would have been avoided if there had existed a genuine King's Council which, with its wisdom and authority, could have resolved the crisis of individuals.

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That the King's Council should be the Falange leadership becomes obvious when he referred meaningfully to the relation of former dictator Primo de Rivera to Alfonso XIII:

> Having accepted the fact of the dictatorship of General Primo de Rivera, constituted his [*i.e.*, Alfonso XIII's] most popular act and the most fruitful years of his reign. . . . The profound crisis of the constitutional and parliamentary regime and its incapacity to govern made necessary the Dictatorship. The same general proclaimed it at his arrival as a parenthesis in the system, and thus it turned out to be. Neither one nor the other of the opposing parties perceived that the Dictatorship could not be a parenthesis, but a point that had to conduct us to another system . . .

That this new system must be in reality a perpetual dictatorship of the Falange under the guise of a puppet monarch, he openly stated:

> . . . If the liberal and parliamentary system had demonstrated in a century and a half its incapacity to resolve the problems of the Nation and conduct it to a new awakening, it was not sufficient to suspend it: we must substitute for it, abolishing forever its vices and defects, searching in the natural organizations of the Nation groupings of men and the political forms, exchanging the frame of the old Monarchy for the new aristocracies of the experienced, the military forces, the workers and servers of the Nation. . . . [In a last pointed remark, he warns the monarchists to be content with half a loaf:] Nevertheless, it is an indispensable premise that there must be the most absolute identification of royalty with the Movement.

The picture is clear. The ideal government of Spain, according to Franco, would be a traditional monarch dominated by a perpetual dictatorship of the managerial class who rose up in rebellion against the Loyalist Republic. Whether, however, he can impose his compromise on the extreme wings of the monarchists and Falangists is a question that only the future can resolve. It is an open secret that influential members of both groups are dissatisfied with this proposed solution. The role of the Church is still not as yet determined. From the "Right," the cantankerous Cardinal of Sevilla, who causes as much embarrassment to the Vatican as to Franco, has long maintained political warfare on the regime, taking the position that the Church should dominate all factions. From the "Left," Bishop Antonio Pildain y Zapiain of the Canary Islands has attacked Spain's state-controlled trade unions as to not ministering to the needs of the working class. The Army alone seems quiet, possibly because it has influential members among the monarchists as well as the Falange.

And while the various forces contend in underground turmoil, the object of their strife, Don Juan Victor Maria de Bourbon, Prince of the royal blood and candidate for the General Military Academy of Spain, lives in the spacious Montellano Palace on one of the main boulevards of Madrid. The blond adolescent, born in Rome on January 5, 1938, and baptized by the present Pope, Pius XII, is carefully isolated from the partisan politics raging round his fate. His official guardian is General Martinez Campos, Duke de la Torre, whose grandfather of the same name was responsible for the restoration of Alfonso XII: Spanish history has a peculiar tendency to repeat itself. An indication of the pillars of authority jockeying for position around the young man can be seen in the other seven members of the inner circle dedicated to the Prince: as representative of the navy, a captain who rebelled against his Loyalist superiors during the Spanish Civil War; four army commanders, including an officer of artillery who fought for Hitler in Russia; a well-known Nationalist teacher and essayist; and a Dominican padre, the Prince's personal confessor. These are the men who will be the court favorites if the curly-headed Juan Carlos ever rules Spain.

Bit by bit, the figure of the Prince is becoming familiar to readers of the Spanish papers. A series of deftly-placed stories have started to form the myth of a handsome young man who so easily fits the pattern of Prince Charming:

> *tan joven, tan rubio,*
> *bueno sin esfuerzo, grande sin enemigo.*
> (So young, so blond,
> Good without effort, great without an enemy)

As *ABC*, the leading monarchist paper, so hopefully quotes the poet.

The thin and somewhat tallish candidate for the throne of Spain is most carefully protected from any dangerous liberal influences by his zealous ring of guardians. Besides specific academic studies, his only outside reading this year has been *The New State* by Victor Pradera and the *Complete Works* of José Antonio, the Fascist leader killed at the start of the Civil War. Athletic by nature, the young Prince is encouraged in his two favorite sports of horseback riding and shooting. And the vivacious young man is filled with much-publicized religious piety.

THE supreme dictator, General Franco, approaching old age, has at last made up his mind. Without doubt influenced by advisers who fear the chaotic conditions which may occur after the passing of his absolute rule, he is attempting to condition the Spanish people into an acceptance of a puppet monarch supported by the nobility and Church but subservient to the new managerial elements represented by the Falange. Whether the dynamic forces of 20th century Fascism can be permanently grafted on the remnants of traditional Spanish authoritarianism is an interesting social question that the next decade in Spain will answer. Given the basic anarchist and liberty-loving sentiments of the Spanish mass, one is entitled to some skepticism.

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WHITMAN: a little anthology

THE meetings held at universities all over the country to celebrate the first edition of *Leaves of Grass*, published a hundred years ago this month, were mildly comforting rituals to those who had feared, like myself, that Whitman was falling into neglect, but they were also like memorial services over the tomb of an unknown poet.

Of those who attended the meetings, not one in a thousand had read the text of the first edition. Not many more had even held it in their hands.

Leaves of Grass in its first edition bears little resemblance to the big, loosely organized book that most of us have dutifully skimmed over. It is a thin folio of 95 pages bound in pebbly green cloth stamped with gold. Besides an introduction in Emersonian prose, it contains only twelve poems, all untitled, as compared with 383 in the familiar Deathbed Edition. One poem, later called "Song of Myself," takes forty-four pages, or nearly half the book. Whitman's name does not appear on the title page. Facing the page, however, is a steel-engraved portrait of the author in a workman's black slouch hat, with his collar open to show a red-flannel undershirt. He presents himself to the reader as if to imply that this is not a mere collection of poems by so-and-so, but an emanation of the poet's mind and body: "Who touches this book touches a man."

THE fact is that the first edition was identified with Whitman in a rather special fashion. Besides writing the book, about himself, he also published it, with the not enthusiastic co-operation of a bookstore that specialized in phrenology.

He designed the volume, supervised the printing (at Rome Brothers' job-printing shop in Brooklyn), set about ten pages of the type, corrected the proofs (without finding all the typographical errors), and did his best to get the book distributed. Of the favorable notices it received during the first year, the poet himself wrote three, or a majority.

A thousand copies were printed and some of them were sold; the others were given away or destroyed. The text of the original *Leaves of Grass* was not reissued during Whitman's lifetime.

(What Is the Grass?)

A CHILD said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands;
How could I answer the child? . . . I do not know what it is any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,
A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropped,
Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that we may see and remark, and say Whose?

Or I guess the grass is itself a child . . . the produced babe of the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,
And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow zones,
Growing among black folk as among white,
Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

("Song of Myself," 6.)

(Night, Earth and Sea)

I AM HE that walks with the tender and growing night;
I call to the earth and sea half-held by the night.

Press close barebosomed night! Press close magnetic nourishing night!
Night of south winds! Night of the large few stars!
Still nodding night! Mad naked summer night!

Smile O voluptuous coolbreathed earth!
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!
Earth of departed sunset! Earth of the mountains misty-topt!
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with blue!
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!
Earth of the limpid gray of clouds brighter and clearer for my sake!
Far-swooping elbowed earth! Rich apple-blossomed earth!
Smile, for your lover comes!

Prodigal! you have given me love! . . . therefore I to you give love!
O unspeakable passionate love!

Thruster holding me tight and that I hold tight!
We hurt each other as the bridegroom and the bride hurt each other.
You sea! I resign myself to you also . . . I guess what you mean,
I behold from the beach your crooked inviting fingers,

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Lyrical passages from Leaves of Grass, *selected and with a commentary by Malcolm Cowley*

I believe you refuse to go back without feeling of me;
We must have a turn together . . . I undress . . . hurry me out of sight
of the land,
Cushion me soft . . . rock me in billowy drowse,
Dash me with amorous wet . . . I can repay you.

Sea of stretched ground-swells!
Sea breathing broad and convulsive breaths!
Sea of the brine of life! Sea of unshovelled and always-ready graves!
Howler and scooper of storms! Capricious and dainty sea!
I am integral with you . . . I too am of one phase and of all phases.

(From Song of Myself, Chants 21 and 22)

(Last Out from the Stables)

COLD dash of waves at the ferrywharf,
Posh and ice in the river . . . half-frozen mud in the streets,
A gray discouraged sky overhead . . . the short last daylight of December,
A hearse and stages . . . other vehicles give place,
The funeral of an old stagedriver . . . the cortege mostly drivers.

Rapid the trot to the cemetery,
Duly rattles the deathbell . . . the gate is passed . . . the grave is
halted at . . . the living alight . . . the hearse uncloses,
The coffin is lowered and settled . . . the whip is laid on the coffin,
The earth is swiftly shovelled in . . . a minute . . . no one moves
or speaks . . . it is done,
He is decently put away . . . is there anything more?

He was a goodfellow,
Freemouthed, quicktempered, not badlooking, able to take his own part,
Witty, sensitive to a slight, ready with life or death for a friend,
Fond of women . . . played some . . . eat hearty and drank hearty,
Had known what it was to be flush . . . grew lowspirited toward the last . . .
sickened . . . was helped by a contribution,
Died aged forty-one years . . . and that was his funeral.

Thumb extended or finger uplifted,
Apron, cape, gloves, strap . . . wetweather clothes . . . whip carefully
chosen . . . boss, spotter, starter, and hostler,
Somebody loafing on you, or you loafing on somebody . . . headway . . .
man before and man behind,
Good day's work or bad day's work . . . pet stock or men stock . . . first
out or last out . . . turning in at night,
To think that these are so much and so nigh to other drivers . . . and he
there takes no interest in them.

("To Think of Time," 4.)

About thirty years after his death, however, a small edition, in facsimile, was published by Thomas Bird Mosher. Another facsimile, with an introduction by the late Clifton Joseph Furness, was published by the Columbia University Press in 1939. It will be reprinted next fall, but when the Whitman meetings were being held last spring it had long been unavailable in bookstores. If those who attended the meetings had wished to read the text of the first edition, they might have found it in a university library—if that was well stocked—but otherwise they would have been lucky to obtain it through a rare-book dealer.

At this point the reader is likely to ask, "Why all this talk about the text of the first edition? Didn't Whitman keep revising and improving his poems all through his life? Didn't he prepare a Deathbed Edition of the poems as he wished them to be preserved and read? —and isn't it available in dozens of reissues? Why shouldn't we follow his wishes, instead of trying to read only a few of his poems in their earliest printed state?"

I might answer some of the questions by making a few blunt statements. Whitman did keep revising his poems, but by no means all the revisions were improvements. Those he made in manuscript were usually well conceived and sometimes brilliant: for example, he added the phrase, "Far-swooping elbowed earth," in revising the passage here reprinted as "Night, Earth and Sea." After a poem was published, however, he lost touch with the mood or trance in which it had been conceived, and many of his later revisions weakened the force of his earlier text.

He also kept writing new poems, and kept rearranging new and old ones together into "clusters," as he called them, or groups of poems dealing with the same theme. But the arrangement was ideological, not organic, and many of the new poems are flat and bumbling; they clutter the book, so that readers are less able to find and enjoy Whitman's early work. The Deathbed Edition is a complete and necessary record of his career. But the first edition, with only a few poems and a prose manifesto, contains almost everything in Whitman that is essentially new and inspired. Its appearance in 1855 was as close to being

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a miracle as anything in the history of American letters.

A MIRACLE is an event that cannot be explained by natural laws, and Whitman's biographers have never been able to explain how this indolent, opinionated and rather unpromising young man came to write "Song of Myself." Instead the biographers have made useful lists of the lectures he attended and the authors he read. At least two of the authors cast a revealing light on his development as a poet.

George Sand appears to have been his favorite novelist, and in one of her books—called in English *The Journeyman Joiner*—Whitman found a figure that may have served him as model. It was that "of a beautiful, Christ-like young carpenter, a proletary philosopher, who dresses in mechanic's clothing but is scrupulously neat and clean. He works at carpentering with his father, but patiently takes time off whenever he wants to in order to read, or give advice on art, or share a friend's affection." I am quoting from Esther Shephard, who wrote an interpretation of Whitman based on his debt to George Sand. Her book, *Walt Whitman's Pose*, helps to explain why there was a gradual but dramatic change in his personality after his return from New Orleans in 1848. He stopped looking for newspaper jobs, stopped dressing the part of a rising young editor, and worked as a carpenter with his father. It seems not implausible to assume that he had identified himself with George Sand's hero, and that the frontispiece of the first edition was a portrait of Whitman in the role of journeyman joiner.

Miss Shephard, however, has little space for Whitman's even greater and more obvious debt to Emerson. In this respect she follows a prevailing critical fashion, for the debt is almost always mentioned in essays on Whitman, but is never adequately discussed, much less defined. One suspects that the critics have stopped reading Emerson, if they ever started.

The relation between the two writers, one sixteen years older than the other, is not the usual relation of master and disciple, or pattern and copy, or voice and echo. This remains true in spite of the fact that there are more Emersonian

(The Bathers)

TWENTY-EIGHT young men bathe by the shore,
Twenty-eight young men, and all so friendly,
Twenty-eight years of womanly life, and all so lonesome.

She owns the fine house by the rise of the bank,
She hides handsome and richly drest aft the blinds of the window.

Which of the young men does she like the best?
Ah the homeliest of them is beautiful to her.

Where are you off to, lady? for I see you,
You splash in the water there, yet stay stock still in your room.

Dancing and laughing along the beach came the twenty-ninth bather,
The rest did not see her, but she saw them and loved them.

The beards of the young men glistened with wet, it ran from their long hair,
Little streams passed all over their bodies.

An unseen hand also passed over their bodies,
It descended tremblingly from their temples and ribs.

The young men float on their backs, their white bellies swell to the sun . . .
they do not ask who seizes fast to them,
They do not know who puffs and declines with pendant and bending arch,
They do not think whom they souse with spray.

("Song of Myself," 11.)

(Suchlike I Love)

THE sprawl and fullness of babes . . . the bosoms and heads of women . . .
the folds of their dress . . . their style as we pass in the street
. . . the contour of their shape downwards;
The swimmer naked in the swimmingbath . . . seen as he swims through the
salt transparent greenshine, or lies on his back and rolls silently
with the heave of the water;
Framers bare-armed framing a house . . . holding the beams in their places
. . . or using the mallet and mortising chisel;
The bending forward and backward of rowers in rowboats . . . the
horseman in his saddle;
Girls and mothers and housekeepers in all their exquisite offices,
The group of laborers seated at noontime with their open dinnerkettles, and
their wives waiting,
The female soothing a child . . . the farmer's daughter in the garden or
cowyard,
The woodman rapidly swinging his axe in the woods . . . the young fellow
hoeing corn . . . the sleighdriver guiding his six horses through
the crowd,
The wrestle of wrestlers . . . two apprentice-boys, quite grown, lusty,
goodnatured, nativeborn, out on the vacant lot at sundown
after work,
The coats vests and caps thrown down . . . the embrace of love and
resistance,
The upperhold and underhold—the hair rumpled over and blinding the eyes;
The march of firemen in their own costumes—the play of the masculine
muscle through cleansetting trousers and waistbands,

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The slow return from the fire . . . the pause when the bell strikes suddenly again—the listening on the alert,
The natural perfect and varied attitudes . . . the bent head, the curved neck, the counting:
Suchlike I love . . . I loosen myself and pass freely . . . and am at the mother's breast with the little child,
And swim with the swimmer, and wrestle with wrestlers, and march in line with the firemen, and pause and listen and count.

("I Sing the Body Electric," 2.)

(After the Sea Battle)

STRETCHED and still lay the midnight,
Two great hulls motionless on the breast of the darkness,
Our vessel riddled and slowly sinking . . . preparations to pass to the one we had conquered,
The captain on the quarter deck coldly giving his orders through a countenance white as a sheet,
Near by the corpse of the child that had served in the cabin,
The dead face of an old salt with long white hair and carefully curled whiskers,
The flames spite of all that could be done flickering aloft and below,
The husky voices of the two or three officers yet fit for duty,
Formless stacks of bodies and bodies by themselves . . . dabs of flesh upon the masts and spars,
The cut of cordage and dangle of rigging . . . the slight shock of the soothe of waves,
Black and impressive guns, and litter of powder-parcels, and the strong scent,
Delicate sniffs of the seabreeze . . . smells of sedgy grass and fields by the shore . . . death messages given in charge to survivors,
The hiss of the surgeon's knife and the gnawing teeth of his saw,
The wheeze, the cluck, the swash of falling blood . . . the short wild scream, the long dull tapering groan,
These so . . . these irretrievable.

("Song of Myself," 36.)

(The Spokesman)

WALT WHITMAN, an American, one of the roughs, a kosmos,
Disorderly fleshy and sensual . . . eating, drinking and breeding,
No sentimentalist . . . no stander above men and women or apart from them . . . no more modest than immodest.

Unscrew the locks from the doors!
Unscrew the doors themselves from their jambs!

Whoever degrades another degrades me . . . and whatever is done or said returns at last to me,
And whatever I do or say I also return.

Through me the afflatus surging and surging . . . through me the current and index.

I speak the password primeval . . . I give the sign of democracy;
By God! I will accept nothing which all cannot have their counterpart of on the same terms.

echoes in Whitman than have ever been pointed out. "The invariable mark of wisdom," Emerson said in *Nature,* "is to see the miraculous in the common. What is a day? What is a year? What is summer? What is woman? What is a child?" Whitman echoed or amplified, "A child said, What is the grass? fetching it to me with full hands"; and in another passage, also reprinted in these pages, he exclaimed, "And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels." Most of the echoes occur in early poems, but there is one at the end of "Proud Music of the Storm," written in 1868:

> Poems . . . vaguely wafted in the night air, uncaught, unwritten,
> Which let us go forth in the bold day and write.

Whitman might have been rephrasing a sentence from Emerson's essay on "History": "These hints, dropped as it were from sleep and night, let us use in the broad day." Even the loose, dithyrambic structure of the early poems seems closer to that of Emerson's lectures than to that of conventional verse. The poem later called "To Think of Time" might be an Emersonian lecture on death; "The Sleepers," a lecture on sleep and night; "I Sing the Body Electric," a lecture on the body—except that Emerson would never have chosen that subject. Whitman kept venturing into areas that frightened Emerson, and into others with which Emerson was unfamiliar, and that is one reason why the echoes are unimportant.

The primary relation between the two writers was that of summons and response. In *The American Scholar* Emerson had summoned the figure of a poetic genius, as if striking dead rock with his staff and conjuring the genius to step forth. In a hallucinated essay, "The Poet," he had described the subject and method of such a genius. The subject would be America—"the northern trade, the southern planting, the western clearing"—and the method would be a painful descent through the individual unconscious into a deeper level of the psyche, one that Jung would later call the racial or collective unconscious; Emerson's name for it was the Oversoul. "Doubt not, O poet, but persist," he adjured a little hopelessly. "Say, 'It is in me, and shall out.' Stand there, balked and dumb, stuttering and

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stammering, hissed and hooted, stand and strive, until at last rage draw out of thee that *dream*-power which every night shows thee is thine own; a power transcending all limit and privacy, and by virtue of which a man is the conductor of the whole river of electricity."

He was a little hopeless because he had to confess, "We have as yet had no genius in America, with tyrannous eye, which knew the value of our incomparable materials." Then suddenly Whitman stood forth in his clean mechanic's costume, as if summoned from the inarticulate masses. "I know that value," he responded. "I am your American genius."

It was a climactic moment in Emerson's career as teacher, prophet and John Baptist of American letters. Whitman sent him a copy of *Leaves of Grass* and he read it—a hundred years ago this month—like a sorcerer amazed by his own handiwork. On July 21 he wrote a letter to the unkown author. "I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed," Emerson said. "I am very happy in reading it, as great power makes us happy. It meets the demand I am always making of what seemed the sterile and stingy nature, as if too much handiwork, or too much lymph in the temperament, were making our western wits fat and mean. . . .

"I greet you at the beginning of a great career. . . ."

LATER the story of Emerson's summons and Whitman's response would lose its bold dramatic outline and turn into a comedy of misunderstandings. Whitman would have the letter published without asking its author's permission. Emerson would be offended by that step, and outraged by what he regarded as the indecency of many poems in the second and third editions, published in 1856 and 1860. He came to feel that Whitman was essentially evil, yet still that he must be thanked—Emerson said in a notebook—"for service to American literature in the Appalachian enlargement of his outline and treatment."

Whitman for his part had assumed a public personality—that of the untaught and wholly original genius of these States—and it did not permit him to acknowledge his debt to Emerson, or

Through me many long dumb voices,
Voices of the interminable generations of slaves,
Voices of prostitutes and of deformed persons,
Voices of the diseased and despairing, and of thieves and dwarfs,
Voices of cycles of preparation and accretion,
And of the threads that connect the stars—and of wombs, and of the fatherstuff,
And of the rights of them the others are down upon,
Of the trivial and flat and foolish and despised,
Of fog in the air and beetles rolling balls of dung.

Through me forbidden voices,
Voices of sexes and lusts . . . voices veiled, and I remove the veil,
Voices indecent by me clarified and transfigured.
I do not press my finger across my mouth,
I keep as delicate around the bowels as around the head and heart,
Copulation is no more rank to me than death is.

I believe in the flesh and the appetites,
Seeing hearing and feeling are miracles, and each part and tag of me is a miracle.

("Song of Myself," 24.)

(The Ecstasy)

I BELIEVE in you my soul . . . the other I am must not abase itself to you,
And you must not be abased to the other.

Loaf with me on the grass . . . loose the stop from your throat,
Not words, not music or rhyme I want . . . not custom or lecture, not even the best,
Only the lull I like, the hum of your valvèd voice.

I mind how we lay in June, such a transparent summer morning;
You settled your head athwart my hips and gently turned over upon me,
And parted the shirt from my bosom-bone, and plunged your tongue to my barestript heart,
And reached till you felt my beard, and reached till you held my feet.

Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and joy and knowledge that pass all the art and argument of the earth;
And I know that the hand of God is the elderhand of my own,
And I know that the spirit of God is the eldest brother of my own,
And that all the men ever born are also my brothers . . . and the women my sisters and lovers,

And that a kelson of the creation is love;
And limitless are leaves stiff or drooping in the fields,
And brown ants in the little wells beneath them,
And mossy scabs of the wormfence, and heaped stones, and elder and mullein and pokeweed.

("Song of Myself," 5.)

(The Parlors of Heaven)

I BELIEVE a leaf of grass is no less than the journeywork of the stars,
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and the egg of the wren,
And a tree-load is a chef-d'oeuvre for the highest,
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlors of heaven,

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And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery,
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any statue,
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels,
And I could come every afternoon of my life to look at the farmer's girl boiling her iron tea-kettle and baking shortcake.
("Song of Myself," 31.)

(Life Wherever Moving)

OXEN that rattle the yoke or halt in the shade, what is it that you express in your eyes?
It seems to me more than all the print I have read in my life.

My tread scares the wood-drake and the wood-duck on my distant and day-long ramble,
They rise together, they slowly circle around.
. . . I believe in those winged purposes,
And acknowledge the red yellow and white playing within me,
And consider the green and violet and the tufted crown intentional;
And do not call the tortoise unworthy because she is not something else,
And the mocking bird in the swamp never studied the gamut, yet trills pretty well to me,
And the look of the bay mare shames silliness out of me.
The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,
Ya-honk! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;
The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen closer,
I find its purpose and place up there toward the November sky.

The sharphoofed moose of the north, the cat on the housesill, the chickadee, the prairie-dog,
The litter of the grunting sow as they tug at her teats,
The brood of the turkeyhen, and she with her halfspread wings,
I see in them and myself the same old law.
("Song of Myself," 13 and 14.)

(In an Age of Tyrants)

THOSE corpses of young men,
Those martyrs that hang from the gibbets . . . those hearts pierced by the gray lead,
Cold and motionless as they seem . . . live elsewhere with unslaughter'd vitality.

They live in other young men, O kings,
They live in brothers, again ready to defy you:
They were purified by death . . . they were taught and exalted.

Not a grave of the murdered for freedom but grows seed for freedom . . . in its turn to bear seed,
Which the winds carry afar and re-sow, and the rains and the snows nourish.

Not a disembodied spirit can the weapons of tyrants let loose,
But it stalks invisibly over the earth . . . whispering counseling cautioning.

Liberty let others despair of you . . . I never despair of you.

Is the house shut? Is the master away?
Nevertheless be ready . . . be not weary of watching,
He will soon return . . . his messengers come anon.
("Europe, the 72d and 73d Years of These States.")

indeed to any author, living or dead. Incidentally it was the effort to maintain this fictitious personality and play the part of an idealized American poet that involved him in other concealments and falsehoods at a later stage in his career: concealments about the Whitman family, falsehoods about his travels, his Civil War services, and his illegitimate children, who never existed. But first there had been this moment of truth and recognition; and today, reading the first edition, we can recapture some of the wonder and gratitude felt by Emerson when he found the great poet he had prophesied.

THAT explains the purpose of these pages devoted to Whitman's early work and containing a number of lyrical passages reprinted from the text of the first edition. Whitman in one of his notebooks described ". . . a trance, yet with all the senses alert—only a state of high exalted musing—the tangible and material with all its shows, the objective world suspended or surmounted for a while & the powers in exaltation, freedom, vision—yet the *senses* not lost or counteracted." Each of the passages might have been written in such a trance. Each of them might stand as a separate poem, and I have taken the one liberty of giving them each a title, in parenthesis.

It seems to me that, taken together, these lyric moments give a radically new impression of Whitman's talent. Here he is not the bard and prophet of democracy or progress or sexual freedom or these States; he is not the far-wandering public speaker or the maker of inventories; instead he is an inspired or entranced poet in the tradition of Blake —seeing the world in a grain of sand— with a daft exuberance that looks forward to Dylan Thomas. The life he celebrates is his own; the scenes he transfigures are the Long Island countryside, the Manhattan streets, the waterfront. And the language, new to literature, is drawn from Yankee speech. Who else would have said of the grass "I *guess* it is the handkerchief of the Lord"? Who else would have said to the sea, "I behold from the beach your *crooked inviting fingers*"? Everything in the poems is common, but touched with the miraculous, and the poems themselves are miracles.

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CORRESPONDENCE

➤ Backstage in Indo-China

[The author of the following letter was formerly editor of the *Far East* and President of the Catholic Press Association of the US. Since 1945 he has been Chief of the Far East Staff of the National Catholic Welfare Conference News Service. He has been in Indo-China since June, 1954.]

SIRS:

Mr. Graham Greene gave the title "Last Act in Indo-China" to his personal report from Viet-Nam (*NR*, May 9). Novelist and playwright, he has apparently regarded recent happenings in Viet-Nam with the eye of a dramatist.

Real life, however, does not always conform to the pattern of drama, and reality in Viet-Nam differs in some important respects from the version Mr. Greene has presented. He has selected characters, situations and quotations that fit his pattern. Some of these are unreal. Others are misleading, precisely because they are selected. The result is a verbal *mise-en-scene*, an interpretation with dramatic quality but still an interpretation personal and partial.

The villain of his piece is neither side, Communist or Nationalist, in Viet-Nam. It is any American in sight. Only Americans are consistently wrong on Mr. Greene's stage. Even when they do the right thing, they do it for a wrong motive or in the wrong way.

For instance, he implies that every gift from America to Viet-Namese refugees is "permanently stamped with the name of the donor" and that it differs from other aid by asking something in return. "The tents, the chicken coops, the packages of rations bearing the badge of American aid demand a kind of payment—co-operation in the Cold War."

The tents are US Army property, rushed to Viet-Nam at the request of the Viet-Namese government, to shelter refugees. They bear no badge other than routine quartermaster stencil marks. Should these tents have been unloaded at (say) Okinawa and delayed until this lettering, meaningless to nearly all Viet-Namese, was deleted from everyone?

I am baffled by the chicken coops. The only trace I find of them is in Mr. Greene's text. The food packages do indeed bear the mark of the US, and I wonder if any government in the world would or could omit its mark in such circumstances. "Demand a kind of payment"—who demands what? The only basis I have seen used in distribution of relief supplies from any country by any organization in Viet-Nam is that of need.

Mr. Greene sees "maladroitness" in "some American gifts . . . razors for hairless chins," cheese and "the white powder that nobody tells them is milk."

Cheese and powdered milk were new to most, not all, of the refugees, but they soon learned to use them. Did Mr. Greene visit none of the milk stations in the resettlement villages in Bien-Hoa area? I have gone through the lists of relief supplies brought to Viet-Nam by American private and official agencies and have failed to find razors, for chins hairy or otherwise, among the items. Mr. Greene omits all mention of the locally produced food bought for refugees with donated funds, the medicines, the clothing, the religious supplies, the money grants, given by American voluntary agencies, Catholic, Protestant and non-denominational.

"The majority (of the refugees) live in crowded tents. . . ." The maximum number of tents available to shelter refugees in central and south Viet-Nam is estimated at 9,100. If every tent had its capacity total of 30 persons, that would mean 273,000 in all—a figure short of a majority of the 608,000 non-French civilian refugees. Mr. Greene is completely silent about the houses (40,000) built since last fall and inhabited by refugee families and about the houses under construction. He gives no indication that the tent camps are only temporary shelters.

The refugees are indeed enduring hardships; their needs are many and urgent. But are they "restless and suspicious," as Mr. Greene depicts them?

On May 29 the International Commission issued a report on a prolonged investigation made in refugee settlements of South Viet-Nam. The teams "contacted about 25,000 people" in settlements populated by 121,000. "None of the persons contacted . . . complained of forced evacuation and none of them expressed a desire to return to the zone of the Democratic Republic" (Commission communique II 2/46).

"Catholicism," he writes, "has helped to ruin the government of Mr. Diem, for his genuine piety has been exploited by his American advisers until the Church is in danger of sharing the unpopularity of the United States."

That strange sentence, questionable on four counts, is followed by a reference on the visits of Cardinal Spellman, Australia's Cardinal Gilroy and Archbishop O'Brien of Canberra. Next comes a complaint that "when Mr. Diem visited the areas formerly held by the Viet-Minh, there has been a priest at his side, and usually an American one."

Mr. Greene could have written: "Among some 50 persons accompanying Mr. Diem on two of his journeys into newly reopened areas was one priest, the director of the American Catholic relief work in Indo-China." But to put it that way would not give quite the impression Mr. Greene wanted to give.

Like Americans, Cardinals from Paris to Sydney have a hard time pleasing Mr. Greene. But when an American is a Cardinal, he has two strikes on him right there. So Cardinal Spellman's visit to Viet-Nam is called "unfortunate" by Mr. Greene, who arrived in Saigon five weeks after it. He quotes "a Viet-Namian priest" who allegedly quipped that the Cardinal "spoke to us much of the Calf of Gold but less of the Mother of God."

That bit of sarcasm has been recognized by Frenchmen here as having come (however relayed to Mr. Greene) from French, not Viet-Namese, lips in French hearing. Bishop Phamngoc Chi, who accompanied the Cardinal everywhere in Viet-Nam and heard every talk he gave, to Catholics and mixed audiences, has protested publicly against Mr. Greene's criticism.

Of course the Cardinal spoke to the refugees about relief measures taken and promised. But he spoke, too, about the tremendous faith he saw manifested, the heroic labors of the French, Spanish and Canadian missionaries, the spiritual bonds uniting Catholics of different races, and the transportation given to the refugees by the French navy and air force and by US navy ships.

Bishop Chi wonders why Mr. Greene did not quote him on Cardinal Spellman's visit. His enthusiastic comment just didn't qualify for selection.

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Like some other foreigners, Mr. Greene concerns himself more than the average Viet-Namese with Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem's religious belief and practice. I am not here discussing the Premier's administration or policies, about which people, Catholics included, have various opinions. I am questioning the presumption that the bigotry found in some segments of the population in Europe and America is a major force in Viet-Nam. Mr. Ngo Dinh Diem, while making no secret of his religion, is far from ostentatious about it. Except for rare occasions, such as Mass for the war dead, he does not go to the Cathedral or any other public church. He assists at Mass privately in his residence. If people speculate about his piety, nothing official is published that might confirm or deny what they say.

Speaking of the Premier's "genuine piety," Mr. Greene says: " 'He goes to confession once a week,' I was told by a Viet-Namian bishop and longed to retort that he might be a more supple leader if he went once a year." To him one might retort, in turn, that maybe the Far East and the world at large has already had too many "supple" leaders.

"In the whole of Viet-Nam the proportion of Catholics is the same as in England—one in ten, a ratio insufficient to justify a Catholic government," he writes.

That is one of several echoes heard in his report. Any day during the past six months one was likely to hear that opinion in the lobby of the Hotel Majestic or some French office in Saigon.

A government headed by a Catholic or Presbyterian (as, for instance, President Eisenhower) is not thereby a Catholic or a Presbyterian government. The Government of the state of Viet-Nam is emphatically not a Catholic one, no matter how many controls the Premier —for reasons wholly unconnected with religion—may hold. It is significant that a few months ago the Viet-Nam government placed two Buddhist festivals on the list of legal holidays while retaining the Christian festivals adopted with the French calendar.

Nor is a man ineligible for high public office because only a small minority belongs to his church. If he were, many a US President would have been barred, including Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Truman and Mr. Roosevelt. In Mr. Greene's homeland the membership of the government-supported Anglican Church is less than 10 percent of the population. Yet the British monarch is not free to belong to any other church.

"The accusation you hear frequently from Viet-Namian Catholics is that the Church has been made a political tool, that the name of God is being used to get votes," according to Mr. Greene.

May I remark that I have yet to hear it from a Viet-Namian Catholic? And if the accusation has been made, where is the proof?

"The great flight of the Northern peasants comes first to mind," when Mr. Greene considers the (unproved) "political use made of Catholicism." Again: "by the time Haiphong is closed . . . perhaps a million potential voters will have moved south." But they would not be all Catholics. And has Mr. Greene observed no children among the refugees? And how could even a large fraction of an over-all population of only 10 percent swing an election? Finally, what's the basis of the accusation, from Viet-Namese or Mr. Greene, since he says: "You will find no Viet-Namian who believes that the elections will ever be held"?

It is interesting to see oneself in Mr. Greene's dramatis personae. I find myself introduced after the "accusation" I have quoted. I am described as "a priest representing some American paper which would have been more fittingly represented by a layman." How Mr. Greene could make that decision without knowing what exactly I did represent is not apparent. The fact is that the NCWC News Service, for which I am a correspondent, serves Catholic papers not only in America but also in many other countries, Mr. Greene's included.

At a press conference of the International Commission, he says, I was "rebuked by the Indian chairman for unfair and tendentious questions." He is not accurate. The Indian chairman objected to the preamble of one of my questions. Asking for a report on the Luu-My incident, I said that the inquiry team had gone there three weeks after the incident and now another three weeks had elapsed. The chairman said my wording was "unfair to the Commission and others" (who could only be the Viet-Minh), because what counted was not the date of the incident but the date the complaint was lodged. A further question failed to elicit that date.

The incident happened on January 13. Viet-Minh soldiers killed 12 intending refugees, wounded two fatally. The French liaison mission's complaint was dated January 22. The Commission team did not arrive until February 7. Its report was not issued until March 20. (It blamed the Viet-Minh.) My emphasis on the time-lag, whatever caused it, was fully warranted.

To use the vernacular, somebody has sold Mr. Greene a bill of goods. It is unfortunate that he was so ready a buyer.

Correspondents who come here for a relatively short visit try, naturally, to make up their deficit of information by talking to residents. Sometimes, reading the resultant articles, one can guess pretty well in what circles they have got their information. The foreign and foreign-speaking communities here in which correspondents usually move are not large. They rarely offer contacts through which one can get a grass-roots knowledge of popular sentiment.

To Mr. Greene the present phase is the "last act" of the drama of Indo-China. It is not denying the tremendous dangers threatening the free remnant of Viet-Nam to observe that history knows no last act, this side of doomsday.

PATRICK O'CONNOR, S.S.C.

Saigon

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